

A MEXICAN VILLAGE.

THE ARTS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SISTER REPUBLIC.

How Gen. Grant Suggested an Idea That Has Just Now Taken Shape—The Origin of the Aztec as Shown in Their Arts and Customs.

When the late Gen. Grant visited Mexico for the purpose of studying the possibilities of a railway across that country he secured as a guide the assistance of a young Ver-



THE MODELER IN WAX.

monter named Nichols, who had traveled through every part of its vast territory. Nichols is now 27. He began life with a circus, peddling alleged lemons and partially roasted peanuts to the patrons of that amusement. The business carried him south into Mexico, where he assisted at the bull fights and other sports of the people. Gen. Grant took a fancy to him, and suggested that he might attempt a very interesting exhibit for the entertainment of residents of the states by collecting the archaeological treasures which were plentiful in that country. Taking the general's suggestion, he immediately set about doing this, in conjunction with the Orrin Brothers, circus proprietors of Mexico. After securing enough treasures to stock a museum they learned of the success of the Japanese village which was traveling through the country exhibiting the occupations of the villagers. This suggested the idea of doing the same for Mexico, and the result is a traveling Mexican village, which illustrates the arts and industries of that country, and will be exceedingly valuable in an educational way, as it introduces us to our Mexican neighbors without the inconvenience or expense of visiting them.

One thing that will strike the visitor to this village, who has also seen the Japanese affair is the remarkable similarity between many of the methods of the two peoples, and which should prove conclusively to a Japanese or Chinese origin of Aztecs and American Indians. There is a small still in use in Mexico, with the one in Japan. Then their pottery, their wood and ivory carvers, learned the art away back in the ages from the same source as the Japs. Beside this, in appearance many of the Mexicans would pass for natives of the "Land of the Rising Sun." The average Mexican is a mixture of about 25 per cent. Spanish blood with about 75 per cent. Aztec. When the Spaniards conquered the country they gave them their language, and, strange to say, they have retained the language even purer than the Spaniards. They also introduced their customs, many of which are observed as they were received. While others have been interwoven with those of the native Indians, producing an interesting combination.

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AN AZTEC KITCHEN.

This is observable in the kitchen, where the Mexican maiden grinds the moist maize on a stone table, with a stone utensil like a rolling pin, while sitting on a Spanish stool. When the maize is ground to a paste mass it is patted with the hand into round thin cakes called "Tortillas," and cooked over a charcoal fire. Then chocolate is made with old time Spanish utensils and served in Aztec cups, and so there is a strange intermingling of the two races. So it is with the Mexican weaver and the silver flagger worker, it is difficult to trace from which of their predecessors they received their knowledge of the art.

The artistic work of the Mexicans in feathers and straw is undoubtedly inherited from the Japanese. With these two mediums they execute some of the most brilliant effects both in color and design.

Their designs in wax are marvelous in themselves. A Mexican artisan in this line will mold the wax into types of people, and into animals and fruit, which are perfect imitations in their way. A plate of fried eggs produced in this way would deceive the clearest eyes in its appearance. Onyx cutters and workers in horn prove by their work that we have on this continent just as deft fingers, artistic eyes and patient workmen as will be found in the old.



MEXICAN MUSICIANS.

The native music of Mexico is beautiful in its harmony and movement. The favorite instruments are the bandolin, and an instrument called the "sauterio." The dance of the Mexicans is a mixture of the Indian step and the European jig. On the whole, this and similar exhibitions, if honestly produced, will, in an educational way, be of great service to the public and will make up in a measure for the lack of advantages gained by travel.

UNCLE REMUS."

The True Story of Joel Chandler Harris, Dialect Author.

It is a pity to disturb the romantic tale that has gone about the country in reference to this popular writer. But the truth is, he was not born in Africa, but in Putnam county, Ga. He isn't a great Hebrew and Sanscrit scholar either, but just a talented American boy, who never went to school any where enough to spoil him. Neither did his sweetheart die of yellow fever and leave him alone with his grief and a head of snow white hair. His hair is not white with grief, but is thick, strong and stubby, and a good, honest red. His first work for the public was in a shanty printing office in the woods.



JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

But the shanty printing office was burned during Sherman's march to the sea. Then young Harris went to Savannah, thence to Atlanta. Like Artemus Ward, this later genuine American humorist began life a printer. He was a reporter on The Atlanta Constitution when he wrote the first Uncle Remus sketch. It struck the note of success. The Uncle Remus stories are a lasting part of American literature as much as Burns' poetry is a part of Scotch life and history.

It is pleasant to know, too, that he did not invent the plantation stories and sketches, but that they are genuinely what they assume to be. Mr. Harris has gathered up the negro folk lore of the south and preserved it in permanent form. Only for him many choice and quaint treasures of literature would have been lost.

The best known of the sketches is the strange and striking legend of "Brer Fox and the Tar Baby and Brer Rabbit." Mr. Harris is 40 years old, a delightful friend and a hard worker in literature and journalism. The Century magazine now publishes his productions in advance of their appearance elsewhere.

FORTY YEARS IN ONE PULPIT.

Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs and His Long Pastorate.

On Nov. 19, forty years ago, Rev. R. S. Storrs was installed as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, N. Y. The population of that city was then 60,000; it is now approaching 1,000,000. His church was the pioneer Congregational church in that city, antedating Mr. Beecher's church by two years. The stone edifice completed in 1864 was considered very extravagant in those days. And true to the name which the church adopted, it inserted a fragment of the veritable rock on which the "fore-fathers" landed, in the front of the building, like the famous Blarney stone in the castle of that name.



REV. DR. R. S. STORRS.

Dr. Storrs is the fourth of a line of clergymen representing as many generations. His father was for sixty years pastor of a church in Bradstreet, Mass., where Dr. Storrs was born in 1821. Dr. Storrs graduated from Amherst college in 1839, five years after Mr. Beecher. In 1848 Dr. Storrs with Dr. Leonard Bacon and Dr. Joseph P. Thompson founded The Independent, which he edited until 1861. In 1881 Dr. Storrs had completed the thirty-fifth year of his pastorate, on which occasion his congregation presented him with a purse of \$35,000, \$1,000 for each year. In person Dr. Storrs is large, tall, stately; in manners dignified and polite; in intercourse, to his tried and trusted friends, cordial; and in social life genial, and often witty and humorous. For many years Dr. Storrs delivered his sermons from the manuscript, but a few years ago he laid aside the written sermon and since that time he has practiced and advocated preaching without notes, having published a book on the subject.

The Only Child Ever Born in the White House.

If all the children to be born in the White House at Washington are as good looking as the one who first blinked his red eyes at the daylight there, then they may be congratulated. Rather curiously, no child was ever born in any presidential family during their residence at Washington. Weddings there have been and a few, and some deaths, almost, but a few years ago he laid aside the written sermon and since that time he has practiced and advocated preaching without notes, having published a book on the subject.

Hal T. Walker was born in the White House in 1845, during the administration of President Polk. When the little new prince of Spain got his first pair of shoes 300 little children of the poor of Madrid got shoes, too, all the same size. How pleasant it would be, think The New York Sun, if the coming of a small American prince or princess should give occasion to the poor children of Washington to be remembered in a similar manner.

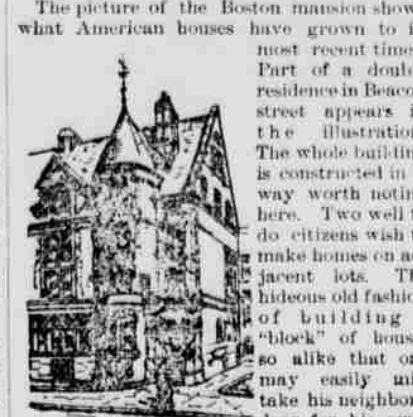
SOME NEW HOUSES.

GETTING RID OF THE FLAT FRONT AND SHARP CORNER.

The Colonial, Utilitarian and Crazy Periods of American House Building. After All These, We are Developing a Really Attractive Architecture.

Out of the chaos of ugliness and uncertainty as to what they really wanted the American people are at length evolving some beautiful homes. The old colonial architecture was a type to itself. Some of the houses yet standing, with their square face and peaked roofs, are really picturesque under the softening influence of two centuries, and with the old trees around them.

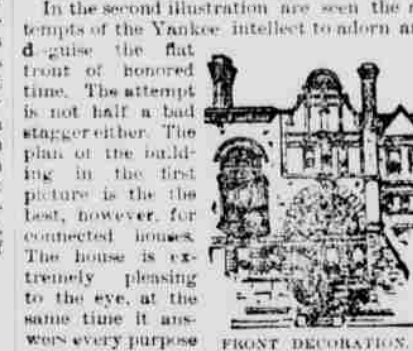
After that came the utilitarian period in our architecture. A house was a place to eat and sleep in and to be protected from the weather in. Besides, immediately after the revolution there was so much work to do that people had no time to think of anything else. The citizens of our young republic had a new continent to conquer, all their own, and they were impatient to be at work. After that came the crazy period, when we tried to do something and could not. We are at length coming out of that stage.



A BOSTON HOME.

They lay their heads together, and consult skilled architects. They plan and build a sort of co-operative structure. On the outside it looks like all one house—large, stately, and imposing as a castle. Inside it is separated into two complete homes, more thoroughly separate even than the ugly old "blocks." Heaven grant those rows of meaningless buildings, with dark rooms all through the center, will some day quite disappear from American cities.

In New York architecture has taken a surprising flight in recent years. That quarter of the city which is now growing most rapidly is the West side, so called.



In the second illustration are seen the attempts of the Yankee intellect to adorn and enliven the flat front of modern time. The attempt is not half a bad staggerer. The plan of the building in the first picture is the best, however, for connected houses. The house is extremely pleasing to the eye, at the same time it answers every purpose. FRONT DECORATION. Of the old dark room blocks better than these themselves did. These houses can thus be very well constructed to look like one. With more than that, there would perhaps be a difficulty, though not an insurmountable one. For semi-suburban homes, where a little strip of side yard can be left now and then, these clusters of two and three houses together will be both picturesque and convenient for people who are not rich enough to have a yard all to themselves. Such clusters add to the pleasing effect of the half country landscape, relieving the dull flatness.

For homes in cities for persons of small or moderate means, beyond a doubt the newest fashion of apartment houses, sometimes called "French flats," is best. Some of these in New York city are thirteen stories high, and are occupied by a hundred families. They are a village in one house. To a few best of them there is only one central front entrance; through this all pass. The halls run parallel with the street, which is much the better way for so large a building. There need thus be no dark rooms.



FRONT OF HOUSE.

park, and not far from the Hudson river. This part of the great city is almost the only one in which vacant building spaces are yet left, and these are now filling rapidly. The houses being constructed here are for families of moderate means. They are three stories with mansard roof, many of them, and connected, but there is everywhere the endeavor to give picturesqueness and variety to the exterior.



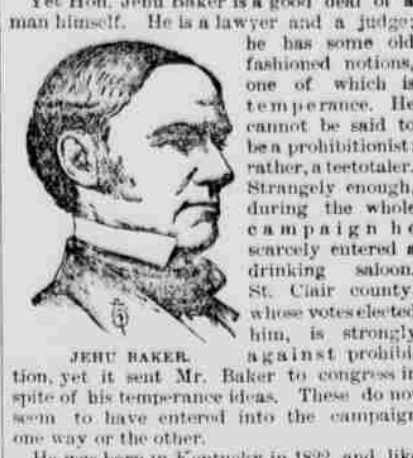
A CORNER.

It has only recently dawned on us, apparently, that rich and beautiful architectural effects can be made of just plain brick clay, red, yellow and other colors. It can be molded and baked into any shape. For cornices and doors, for walls themselves, nothing can be richer or more tasteful. Along with the endeavor to relieve the flat front has come a most commendable desire to do away with the sharp corner. So should it be alike with the sharp corners in our houses and in our characters. The last picture is an architectural success in corners. A tower can always be constructed which will break at least one sharp edge of a house. In its construction the terra cotta ornamentation alluded to can be very effectively employed. Bricks will soon be made of any shade desired, a process having been found of mixing the coloring matter with the wet clay before burning. Besides, no country has so many varieties of beautiful natural colored clays as ours. Some handsome houses have lately been constructed of straw colored brick, with dark red or brownish green ornamentation for window caps, doors and cornices.

UNCLE JEHU BAKER.

The Man Who Defeated Congressman Morrison in Illinois.

That a man of the name of Baker should defeat the popular and distinguished Mr. Morrison for the Fifth congress—moreover, not only Baker, but Jehu Baker—is one of the election surprises that extended beyond the state of Illinois.



JEHU BAKER.

He was born in Kentucky in 1822, and like most men who get into congress, studied law. He made a mark in his profession. His home is at Belleville, Ills.

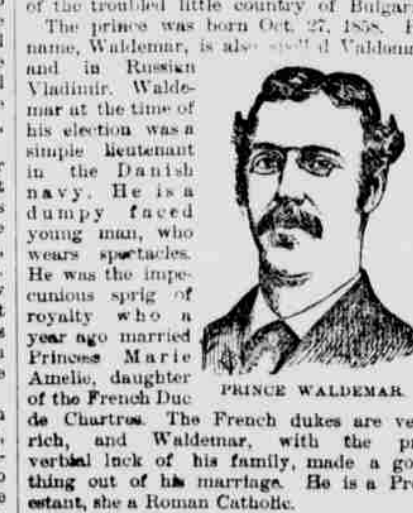
Congress is not new to Mr. Baker. He has been a member thereof twice before, in 1866-68. Moreover, Mr. Morrison as an opponent is not new to him, either. He and Morrison have been rivals in politics for twenty years. Both times he was elected to congress Morrison was his Democratic opponent. Again they ran in opposition in 1870, and this time Morrison defeated Baker. Thus he has defeated the "horizontal reduction" congressman three times, and has been defeated by him once. It is said that he has a powerful voice and great command of language. From that fact he might be expected to write a book called the "Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans," which he did. He has also written other books, but the "Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans" is his best.

After being defeated by Morrison in 1870, Judge Baker was appointed President Grant's minister to Venezuela. He remained there till after the incoming of the Democratic administration last year. Then he came home to Belleville. Since then, says a correspondent, "he has walked about the streets of his town, talking to himself, until some of the people there thought he was crazy. But it was a mere habit he has of thinking aloud. He began last year to plan Morrison's defeat, and was merely going over the details of the work to be done. Many people talk to themselves, but not all to such purpose as Hon. Jehu Baker. He is a high tariff man, and considers that Mr. Morrison was defeated by his free trade doctrines. This seems to be a protection year in politics.

Naval officers belonging to the Atlantic squadron do not adore Jehu Baker. When he was minister to Venezuela some officers of our fleet were invited to a Washington celebration in that country. The freedom of the capital was given to them by Guzman Blanco, then president, with the request that they pay no bills. But after they had gone Minister Baker gathered up their bills and sent them to the secretary of state. It made things awkward all around.

Prince Waldemar of Bulgaria.

If ever a royal family was born to pure luck it is the ruling house of Denmark. Of the six children of the king and queen all now wear or are heirs to a crown. The oldest daughter will be queen of England, the second daughter is already empress of Russia, the third daughter is wife of the Duke of Cumberland, claimant to the throne of Hanover. The second son is king of Greece, and now Waldemar, the youngest child, who is not yet 30 years old, has been elected prince of the troubled little country of Bulgaria.



PRINCE WALDEMAR.

The prince was born Oct. 27, 1858. His name, Waldemar, is also spelled Valdemar, and in Russian Vladimir. Waldemar at the time of his election was a simple lieutenant in the Danish navy. He is a dumpy faced young man, who wears spectacles. He was the impetuous spirit of royalty who a year ago married Princess Marie Amelie, daughter of the French Duke de Chartres. The French dukes are very rich, and Waldemar, with the proverbial lack of his family, made a good thing out of his marriage. He is a Protestant, she a Roman Catholic.

The legislative body of Bulgaria is called the sobranie, pronounced so-bran-ye, and it elected Waldemar king after a secret session of three hours. But his election fell cold and flat on the people. Their hearts were still with the handsome Prince Alexander, whom Russia drove away from Bulgaria. By the treaty of Berlin, in 1878, no member of the ruling house of any of the great European powers can be elected prince of Bulgaria. It is a principality tributary to Turkey.

Donn Flatt on Jehu Baker.

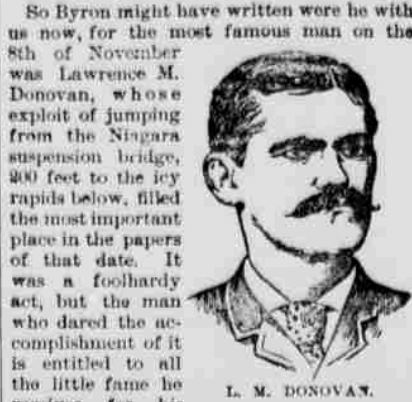
He is a grotesque old fellow, says Donn Flatt, the Washington Capital, and might have sat for the portrait of Judge Birdwell Sisto in "The Mighty Dollar," or the celebrated Judge Waxen. In appearance he looks like the old fashioned representations of "Uncle Sam," and his great hobby is oratory. During the Garfield and Arthur administrations Baker was minister to Venezuela, and some comical stories are told of his behavior there. Three years ago the people of that country erected a statue to Washington and Baker was invited to deliver the oration. He made a sensation, using the English and Spanish languages indiscriminately, and the populace of that country considered it a magnificent achievement. The oration was written in English, then translated into Spanish and committed to memory. When the Hon. Jehu stuck on a Spanish word he would plunge into his mother tongue, which never deserts him, and as soon as he could gather himself together would give the audience a dose of Spanish again. He had a mighty voice, and could have competed with Fog Horn Allen, of Ohio, with great ease. Senator Cullom once said that he believed that if all the people in the world could be gathered in one audience Jehu Baker could make them hear.

A French scientist suggests the use of electricity as a substitute for the cat-o-nine tails in corporal punishment. This is simply shocking.—Boston Transcript.

DARING DONOVAN.

Who Jumped From Niagara's High Bridge 300 Feet to the Rapids.

What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill A certain portion of the daily paper; Some item is to climbing on a bridge. To jump and splash, then all is lost in vapor.



L. M. DONOVAN.

So Byron might have written were he with us now, for the most famous man on the 8th of November was Lawrence M. Donovan, whose exploit of jumping from the Niagara suspension bridge, 400 feet to the icy rapids below, filled the most important place in the papers of that date. It was a foolhardy act, but the man who dared the accomplishment of it is entitled to all the little fame he receives for his courage. For it appears that his motive is meritorious enough—the bettering of the fortunes of his aged father and mother and two sisters, who are depending on him for support. Nature gifted Donovan with the faculty of determination, as will be remarked in his portrait. At his work as a pressman's assistant in a newspaper office he could earn scarcely a bare living. So he determined on making himself famous and thus bettering his chances in life. He is a temperate young man of 24, and taking a few of his companions into his confidence he proceeds deliberately to practice for such feats as this by jumping from High bridge, on the Harlem river, New York, to the water. This he did successfully four times. Then he surprised all New York one morning by jumping from the great Brooklyn bridge, 135 feet, to the water. To do this he had to keep his purpose a secret from his parents and elude the police, who are stationed on the bridge to prevent just such occurrences. His coolness and determination overcame the obstacles.

Lates he went to Rochester for the purpose of making the jump at the Genesee falls, wherein Sam Patch lost his life. He was prevented from doing this. But his last feat at Niagara eclipses anything of the kind ever attempted. At 7 o'clock one chilly morning he climbs up on the iron railing of the great Suspension bridge, knocks some ice from under his feet to secure a firm footing and at the signal of a pistol shot he springs into the air. In four seconds he strikes the icy rapids, 300 feet below. He is kept under by the current, to come to the surface about sixty feet from where he struck the water. The shock of striking the water breaks one of his ribs and renders him insensible, but he is rescued and resuscitated. While the doctor is bandaging him he decides that he has "tempted Providence long enough and that he has made his last jump." It is to be hoped that he may be as determined in this resolution as in others, for his bravery is deserving of a worthier cause!

A Much Needed Improvement.

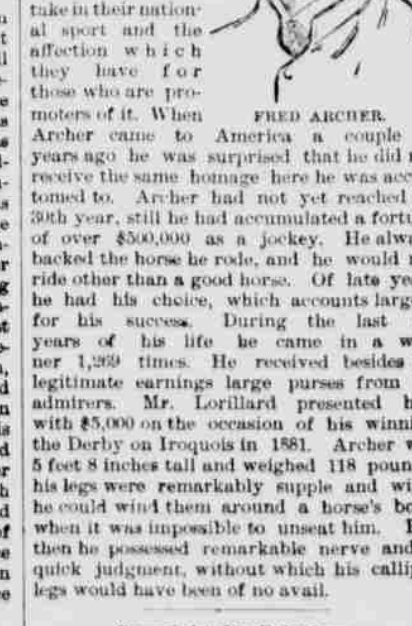


THE NEW UNION DEPOT, INDIANAPOLIS.

Indianapolis is at last promised a new depot. It will be one "long felt want" filled; at least for years citizens and travelers have complained of the smoky structure that was used by the thirteen railroads that deposited and received passengers there. All recognized the necessity for a new structure, but the rival interests could not agree until now. The railroads appear to be determined to make up for their past neglect, for this new depot will be one of which the Hoosier capital will have cause to be proud. The plans have just been accepted, and our illustration gives a very good idea of its proposed external appearance.

The Late Fred Archer.

The death of Fred Archer, the famous jockey, is looked upon as a national calamity in England. Few British statesmen would have excused the regret at their taking away that this horseman did. Witness the condolences that poured in on his sister after the occurrence from the aristocracy, even to the very throne, and the day of his funeral at Newmarket business was suspended and the whole place thrown into mourning. It shows the peculiar interest Englishmen take in their national sport and the affection which they have for those who are promoters of it. When Archer came to America a couple of years ago he was surprised that he did not receive the same homage here he was accustomed to. Archer had not yet reached his 30th year, yet he had accumulated a fortune of over \$300,000 as a jockey. He always backed the horse he rode, and he would not ride other than a good horse. Of late years he had his choice, which accounts largely for his success. During the last six years of his life he came in a winner 1,299 times. He received besides his legitimate earnings large purses from his admirers. Mr. Lorillard presented him with \$5,000 on the occasion of his winning the Derby on Iroquois in 1881. Archer was 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 118 pounds; his legs were remarkably supple and wiry, he could wind them around a horse's body when it was impossible to unseat him. But then he possessed remarkable nerve and a quick judgment, without which his calliper legs would have been of no avail.



FRED ARCHER.

Copyright for Paintings. A number of prominent artists and architects are talking of combining in an effort to secure copyright for their productions, which they complain are continually stolen.—Philadelphia Times.

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